

SANDFORD AND MERTON

BY
THOMAS DAY

(ABRIDGED AND RETOLD)



As. Ten

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PREFACE

IT is an old boys' classic, one of the very few books that are frankly didactic. Times and ideals and methods change, but there does not seem to be any likelihood of a change in the primary needs of humanity. So long as we value simplicity, honesty, manliness, self-reliance and goodness—qualities that, let us hope, shall always be in demand—and so long as we think that character-building is as much a necessity of education as any other part of its work, so long do we feel sure that such books, as *Sandford and Merton*, shall find a secure place in every school. For it is an aid to the teacher in his most important task and a narrative of interest to boys and girls. It has been considerably abridged and re-told for use by pupils of the secondary schools.

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Sandford and Merton

CHAPTER I

HOW SANDFORD AND MERTON BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER

IN one of the western counties of England lived a gentleman of good fortune, named Merton. He had a large estate in the island of Jamaica,¹ with many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things in it. He had only one son, of whom he was exceedingly fond. To educate his child properly he determined to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton was at the time only six years old. He was naturally a well-disposed, good-natured boy. But unfortunately he had been spoiled by too much indulgence.² While he lived in

1. In the West Indies.

2. Letting one have his own way from overmuch kindness.

Jamaica he had several black servants¹ to wait upon him. If he walked, two negroes always went with him; one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was



tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so fond of him

1. Slavery existed then. The negroes of Africa were the victims.

that she gave him everything he cried for; and she would never let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache.

The result of this was that Master Merton became a very self-willed and disagreeable child. Again, he was so delicately brought up, that he was frequently ill. The least rain or wind gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Thus, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither read, write, nor cipher;¹ he could use none of the limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; yet he was very proud, fretful and impatient.

Very near to Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, named Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, named Harry, not much older than Master Merton. As Harry had always been used to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, he was active, strong, hardy and fresh-coloured. He had an honest, good-natured face, which made everybody love him. He

1. Do arithmetic.

was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If little Harry, while eating his dinner, saw a poor wretch who wanted food, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole. He was so very kind to everything that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds or their young ones, nor practise any other sort of sport which gave pain to poor animals. Even toads and frogs and spiders and all such disagreeable things, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry.

Harry, therefore, was a great favourite with everybody, particularly with the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Barlow, who taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him.

Master Merton became acquainted with this little boy in the following manner: He and his maid were walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, amusing themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies. Just then a large snake suddenly started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. The maid ran away shrieking for help,

while the child, in great terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came running up, and asked what the matter was. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his



leg. Though young, Harry understood Tommy's danger and being a brave boy he told him not to be frightened. He instantly seized the snake by the neck with as much skill as resolution, tore it

from Tommy's leg, and threw it to a great distance.

Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, just as Tommy was recovering his spirits and thanking his brave little deliverer. After kissing him a thousand times, she asked him if he had received any hurt. "No," said Tommy, "indeed, I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly reptile would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled it off." "And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so obliged?" "Harry Sandford, madam." "Well, my child, you are a dear, brave boy, and you shall go home and dine with us." "No, thank you, madam; my father will want me." "And who is your father, my boy?" "Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill." "Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth: will you?" "If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly sent a servant to his father's; and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to her large

house. There she gave Mr. Merton a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

CHAPTER II

HOW HARRY FOUND HIMSELF IN THE
MIDST OF WEALTH AND POMP, BUT
WAS NOT ATTRACTED BY IT

HARRY was in a new scene of life. He was carried through rooms richly furnished. He saw large looking glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, and curtains of finest silk; and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he sat next to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits. But to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; and seeing him eye with great attention a small silver cup, out of which he had been drinking, she asked, "Wouldn't you like to have such a cup to drink out of? Though it is Tommy's, I am sure he will gladly give it to his little friend."

“Yes, that I will,” said Tommy; “for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver.” “Thank you with all my heart,” said little Harry; “but I will not rob you of it, for I have one I like better at home.” “How!” said Mrs. Merton, “does your father eat and drink out of silver?” “I don’t know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, such as the cows wear upon their heads.” “The child is a simpleton¹, I think,” said Mrs. Merton. “And why are they better than silver ones?” “Because they never make us uneasy,” said Harry. “Make you uneasy, my child!” said Mrs. Merton, “what do you mean?” “Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as though you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it.” “I declare,” said Mrs. Merton to her husband, “I do not know what to say to this boy; he makes such strange remarks.”

The fact was that, during dinner, one

1. A fool.

or the servants had let fall a large piece of costly plate. This had made her not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up. But Harry said, "Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must eat and drink only such things as are easily obtained: otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. Therefore, madam, I do not need it: water is enough for me."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher. We should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, would you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king, because he is finer, richer and grander than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him." "Well said,

my dear," replied the mother; and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And would not you like to be a king, too, little Harry?" "Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me." "What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered the fond mother to her husband, looking upon poor honest Harry with some contempt. "I am not sure," replied he, "that this time the advantage is on the side of our son: but would not you like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry. "No, indeed, sir," said Harry. "No, simpleton," said Mrs. Merton, "and why not?" "Because," he said readily, "the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chase who lives hard by. He rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor. They say he does all this because he is rich. But everybody hates him, though

they dare not tell him so to his face. I would not be hated for anything in the world."

In the evening Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house and how he liked it. "Why," replied Harry, "they were all very kind to me, and I am very much obliged to them for it. But I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as though I had been lame or blind. After dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring; and all the time the lady was talking to me, and wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I might be hated like Squire Chase."

Meanwhile, at the large house, the talk turned on Harry. Mrs. Merton admitted his good points, but thought he had the ideas and feelings of the lower rank of society to which he belonged. Mr. Merton denied this, and added, "On the contrary, this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true nobility and dignity of character." Without stopping to hear

her remarks, he went on: "It is time to do something for the education of our boy. We have petted him too long, with the result that he is a wonder for ignorance, even considering his age. I therefore propose to send him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided that he takes care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly of the age and size of our Tommy."

The proposal itself was so reasonable and necessary that Mrs. Merton consented, although unwillingly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity to make the proposal to him.

Mr. Barlow readily agreed to take Tommy under his care and try his best to improve him. Little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage,¹ about two miles from his father's house.

1. Residence of the *vicar* or priest of the parish.

CHAPTER III

HOW TOMMY'S EDUCATION BEGAN

THE day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman, as soon as breakfast was over, led him and Harry into the garden. When there, he took a spade into his own hand, and gave Harry a hoe, and they both began to work with great eagerness.

"Everybody that eats," said Mr. Barlow, "ought to work for his food; therefore, little Harry and I begin our daily work. This is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, and all the produce shall be your own." "No, indeed," said Tommy in a bad temper, "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a ploughboy." "Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow; "but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work."

In about two hours Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off; and taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a pleasant summerhouse, where they sat down; and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of fine

ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself. Tommy followed and expected his share. But when he saw them eating without taking any notice of him, he could not help bursting into a violent fit of sobbing and crying. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow very coolly to him. Tommy looked upon him sulkily, but returned no answer. "Oh, sir, if you don't like to give me an answer, you may be silent: nobody is obliged to speak here."

Tommy was very angry, and ran out of the summerhouse, and wandered about the garden. He was surprised and vexed to find that he was in a place where nobody cared whether he was pleased or not. He was learning his first lesson in the world.

Mr. Barlow and Harry, after the cherries were eaten, rambled out into the fields. Mr. Barlow made Harry notice several kinds of plants, and told him their names and nature. As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large kite upon the ground, with something in its claws, which it was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew it to be one of those cruel birds which prey upon others, ran up to it,

shouting as loud as he could; and the bird, being frightened, flew away, and left a chicken behind it, sadly hurt indeed, but still alive. "Look, sir," cried Harry, "how it bleeds and hangs its wings! I will put it inside my coat, and carry it home; and it shall have part of my dinner every day till it is well and able to take care of itself."

As soon as they came home, the first care of Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw, some water and some bread. Mr. Barlow and Harry then went to dinner. In the meantime, Tommy, after a good deal of wandering about, came in, and, being very hungry, was about to sit down with the rest; but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, "No, sir; as you are too much of a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not choose to work for the idle." Upon this Tommy retired into a corner, crying as though his heart would break, for he began to see now that nobody minded his ill-temper.

But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half-crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my

share of the dinner?" "Yes, to be sure, child." "Why then," said he, getting up, "I will give it all to Tommy." Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner and Tommy took it, and thanked him without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. "I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that gentlemen think it is not proper for them to work, but quite proper to take the bread that other people have been working for." At this Tommy cried still more bitterly.

The next day Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before. But they had scarcely begun, before Tommy came to them and desired that he might have a hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him. But as he had never been accustomed to handle one, he was very awkward in using it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and showed him how to use it; by which means, in a short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over, they retired to the summerhouse Tommy felt the greatest joy when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share. It seemed to him the

most delicious he had ever tasted, because working in the open air had given him an appetite.

As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it. But he looked a little ashamed, and said he had never learned to read. "I am very sorry for that" said Mr. Barlow, "because you lose a very great pleasure: then Harry shall read to you." Harry, taking up the book, read the interesting story of "The Gentleman and the Basket-maker."¹

CHAPTER IV

HOW TOMMY LEARNT TO READ

FROM this time forward Mr. Barlow and his two young pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning; and when tired, they retired to the summerhouse. Here, little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, to which Tommy listened

1. This and the other stories in the unabridged edition are 'retold' in a separate book, "Stories from *Sandford and Merton*" (B. G. Paul & Co.)

with the greatest pleasure. But Harry going home for a week, Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done the usual work and retired to the summer-house, Tommy expected that Mr. Barlow would read to him. But, to his great disappointment, he found that he was busy and could not. The same thing happened day after day. At this, Tommy lost all patience and said to himself: "Now, if I only could read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could amuse myself. And why may not I do what another has done? To be sure, Harry is very clever; but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I daresay I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day Harry returned; and as soon as Tommy was alone with him, he said, "Pray, Harry, how came you to be able to read?"

Harry. Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling and then by putting syllables together, I learned to read.

Tommy. And could you not show me my letters?

Harry. Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book; and Tommy was so eager and attentive that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was very much pleased with his first attempt, and applied himself with such diligence that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow by offering to read a story. So one day, when they were all assembled in the summerhouse, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that, if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. "Oh, very willingly," said Mr. Barlow; "but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read." Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own skill, and, taking up the book, read with fluency¹ the instructive "History of the Two Dogs."

"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition.² He will now depend upon nobody,

1. without having to pause, easily.

2. act of acquiring, the thing acquired: his 'acquisition here is 'reading'

but be able to divert¹ himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our language will be from this time in his power—little entertaining stories such as we have heard to-day, or the actions of great and good men in history, or the nature of wild beasts and birds which are found in other countries and have been described in books. I hope, indeed, to see him one day a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others.”

“Yes,” said Tommy, “I am determined now to make myself as clever as anybody; and I don’t doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people. Though there are no fewer than six blacks in our house, I am sure there is not one of them who can read a story as I can.” Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden show of vanity, and said rather coolly, “Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?” “Nobody, I believe,” said Tommy. “Where is the great wonder, then, if they are ignorant?” replied Mr. Barlow “You would probably have never known anything, had you not been

1. amuse, interest.

assisted; and even now you know very little."

CHAPTER V

HOW TOMMY'S PRIDE WAS HUMBLLED AND HIS HIGH OPINION OF HIMSELF PROVED GROUNDLESS

IN this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton. He had naturally a very good disposition, although he had been allowed to acquire many bad habits. He was in particular very passionate, and thought he had a right to command everybody that was not dressed as finely as himself. This opinion was once the cause of his being very severely humbled.

It happened this way. One day, while striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over a hedge into an adjoining field; and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very commanding tone, to bring it to him. The little boy paid no heed, and walked on; upon which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked him if he did not hear what was said. "Yes," said the boy "for the

matter of that, I am not deaf." "Oh, are you not?" replied Tommy; "then bring me my ball directly." "I don't choose to do it," said the boy. "You little rascal," said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, "if I come over the hedge, I will thrash you within an inch of your life." To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh. This made Tommy so angry that he clambered¹ over the hedge, and jumped down, intending to leap into the field. But his foot unfortunately slipped, and down he rolled into the wet ditch, full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out; but it was vain, for his feet stuck in the mud or slipped off from the bank. His fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle² water. To add to his distress, he lost both his shoes, and his laced hat tumbled off and was completely spoiled. In this condition he must have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him and helped him out.

1. Climbed with hands and feet.

2. A 'puddle' is a small dirty pool.

Tommy was so vexed and ashamed that he could not say a word, but ran home in a very dirty condition. Mr. Barlow, who met him, was afraid he had



been considerably hurt. But when he heard of the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling, and advised Tommy to be more careful for the future how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys. The next day Mr. Barlow desired Harry, at the usual time, to read the story of "Androcles and the Lion"—the story

of a Roman slave and his escape from his master's tyranny.

On reading what the slave had suffered, Harry said, "Pray, sir, tell me, why does one man behave so cruelly to another, and why should one person be the servant of another and bear so much illtreatment?" "As to that," said Tommy, "some folks are born gentlemen, and then they must command others and some are born servants, and they must do as they are bidden. I remember, before I came here, that there were a great many black men and women, who my mother said, were born only to wait upon me. I used to beat them, and kick them, and throw things at them, whenever I was angry and they never dared strike me again, because they were slaves."

"And pray, young man," said Mr. Barlow, "how came these people to be slaves?"

Tommy. Because my father bought them with his money.

Mr. Barlow. So, then people that are bought with money are slaves, are they?

Tommy. Yes.

Mr. Barlow. And they who buy them have a right to kick them and beat them and do as they please with them?

Tommy. Yes.

Mr. Barlow. Then, if I were to take you and sell you to farmer Sandford, he would have a right to do what he pleased with you?

Tommy. No, sir; but you would have no right to sell me, nor he to buy me.

Mr. Barlow. And what right had the people who sold the poor negroes to your father to sell them? or what right had your father to buy them?

Here Tommy seemed a good deal puzzled; but at length said, "They are brought from a country that is a great way off, in ships, and so they become slaves." Then, said Mr. Barlow, "if I take you to another country in a ship, I shall have a right to sell you?"

Tommy. No, you will not, sir, because I was born a gentleman.

Mr. Barlow. What do you mean by that?

Tommy (a little confounded¹). Why, to have a fine house, and fine clothes, and a coach, and a great deal of money, as my papa has.

Mr. Barlow. Then, if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine

1. Confused, perplexed.

clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, might he? and then use you ill, and beat you, and insult you, and do whatever he liked with you?

Tommy. No, sir, it would not be right that anybody should use me ill.

Mr. Barlow. Then one person should not use another ill?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. To make a slave of anybody is to use him ill, is it not?

Tommy. I think so.

Mr. Barlow. So, you ought not to make a slave of another?

Tommy. No, indeed, sir; and for the future I never will use our black William ill; nor pinch him, nor kick him, as I used to do.

Mr. Barlow. Then you will be a very good boy.

CHAPTER VI

HOW 'GENTLEMAN' TOMMY DID A GENEROUS DEED WITH UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES

WHEN Harry finished the story, and Tommy heard the grateful affection of the lion for Androcles, Tommy said "Upon my word, this is a very pretty story I thought that lions and tigers and wolves were so fierce and cruel, that they would tear everything they met to pieces." "When they are hungry," said Mr. Barlow, "they kill every animal they meet: but this is to devour it, for they can live only upon flesh, like dogs and cats and many other kinds of animals. When they are not hungry, they seldom meddle with anything, or do unnecessary mischief. Therefore, they are much less cruel than many persons whom I have seen, and than many children who plague and torment animals without any reason whatsoever."

"Indeed, sir," said Harry, "I think so. And I remember, as I was walking along the road some days ago, I saw a little boy that used a poor donkey very ill indeed. The poor animal was so

lame that he could hardly stir; and yet the boy beat him with a great stick to make him go on faster." "And what did you say to him?" said Mr. Barlow.

Harry. "Why, sir, I told him how wicked and cruel it was, and asked him how he would like to be beaten in that manner by one stronger than himself. He said it was daddy's ass, and so he had a right to beat it, and that if I said a word more he would beat me.

Mr. Barlow. And what answer did you make?

Harry. I told him, even if it were his father's ass, he should not use it ill, for we were all God's creatures and should love each other, as He loved us all. As to beating me, I said that if he struck me, I had a right to strike him again, and would do it, though he was almost as big again as I was.

Mr. Barlow. And did he strike you?

Harry. Yes, sir. He tried to strike me upon the head with his stick, but I dodged, and the blow fell upon my shoulder; and he was going to strike me again, but I darted at him, and knocked him down; and then he began blubbering,¹ and begged me not to hurt him.

1. Weeping noisily.

Mr. Barlow. It is not uncommon for those who are most cruel to be at the same time most cowardly: but what did you do?

Harry. Sir, I told him I did not want to hurt him, but that, as he had meddled with me, I would not let him rise till he had promised me not to hurt the beast any more; which he did, and then I let him go about his business.

Mr. Barlow. You did right; and I suppose the boy looked as foolish when he was rising, as Tommy did the other day, when the little ragged boy that he was going to beat helped him out of the ditch?

Tommy (a little confused). Sir, I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball.

Mr. Barlow. What right had you to compel him to bring your ball?

Tommy. Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman.

Mr. Barlow. So, then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys?

Tommy. To be sure, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Then if your clothes should wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you?

Tommy (looking rather foolish). But he might have done it, as he was on the other side of the hedge.

Mr. Barlow. And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it. But when persons speak in a haughty tone, they will find few willing to serve them. As the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you offered him money to fetch your ball?

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I did not.

Mr. Barlow. Probably you had nothing to give him?

Tommy. Yes, I had, though; I had all this money (pulling out several shillings).

Mr. Barlow. So, now I see what makes a gentleman. A gentleman is one that, when he has plenty to give, keeps all to himself. He beats poor people, if they will not serve him for nothing, and when they have done him the greatest favour in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude or does them any good in return.

Tommy could hardly check his tears. But being a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should meet him again. He had not long to wait

for it; for, walking out that very afternoon, he saw him gathering blackberries at some distance, and going up to him, said, "Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes?" "No, indeed," said the boy. "I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as I am: but I should not mind that much, if I could have my stomach full of victuals."¹ "And why cannot you have your belly full of victuals?" asked Tommy. "Because daddy's ill of a fever," the little boy replied, "and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us."

Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, and presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread and a complete suit of his own clothes. "Here, little boy," said he, "you were so good-natured to me; and so I will give all this, because I am a gentleman and have many more."¹⁷

The joy of the little boy was not greater than what Tommy felt for the first time at the idea of doing a generous and grateful action. He happened to meet

1. Food: pronounce *vittles*.

Mr. Barlow on his return home, and told him with an air of great joy what he had done. Mr. Barlow coolly answered, "You have done very well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own. But what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without taking my consent?" "Why, sir," said he, "I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill and could not work." "This is a very good reason," said Mr. Barlow, "why you should give them what belongs to yourself, but *not* why you should give away what is another's. What would you say if Harry were to give away all your clothes, without taking your leave?" "I should not like it at all, and I will not give away your things any more without asking your permission." "You will do well," said Mr. Barlow.

Just then they were surprised to see the little ragged boy come running up to them with a bundle of clothes under his arm. His eyes were black, as though he had been severely beaten; his nose was swollen; his shirt was bloody; and his waistcoat just hung upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up

to Tommy and threw down the bundle before him, saying, "Here, master, take your clothes again. I wish they had been at the bottom of the ditch that I pulled you out of, instead of upon my back." "What is the matter?" asked Mr. Barlow.

"Sir," said the little boy, "my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now, as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. Though I am poor, I am not bound to be his slave; and so I would not; upon which little master here jumped over the hedge to kick me. But instead of that, he fell in the ditch, and there he lay rolling about, till I pulled him out; and so he gave me these clothes here, all out of goodwill. I put them on, like a fool I was; for they are made of silk and look so fine that all the little boys followed after me and halloed as I went, and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me. 'Oh,' said I, 'Jacky, are you at that game?' and with that I hit him a punch ¹ in the stomach and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson and Ned Kelly

1. A blow with the fist.

came up and said that I looked like a Frenchman;¹ and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave in. But I don't choose to be halloed after wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman; and so I have brought master his clothes again."

Learning where the little boy lived, Mr. Barlow asked Harry if he would take the poor family some broth and victuals. "That I will," said Harry, "if it were five times as far." So Mr. Barlow went into the house to give the necessary orders.

In the meantime, Tommy, who had eyed the boy in silence, said, "So, poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt, only because I gave you my clothes: I am really very sorry for it." "Thank you, little master," said the boy, "but it can't be helped. You did not intend me any hurt, I know, and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating; so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart."

As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, "I wish I had some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he

1. Englishmen and Frenchmen were then enemies, and Englishmen laughed at the French habit of dressing finely.

seems very good-natured.” “That you may very easily have,” said Harry; “for there is a shop in the village hard by, where they sell all sorts of clothes for the poor people; and as you have money, you may buy some.”

CHAPTER VII

HOW HARRY PROVED HIMSELF A LITTLE HERO AND TOMMY LEARNT THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD

HARRY and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded nearly half-way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds that seemed to be running full cry¹ at some distance. Tommy asked Harry if he knew what they were about. “Yes,” said Harry, “it is Squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. I wonder that they are not ashamed to worry such a poor inoffensive creature. If they have a mind to hunt, why don’t they

1. A word used in hunting: ‘yelping of hounds.’ the phrase=‘in close pursuit.’

hunt lions, tigers, and other fierce mischievous creatures, as I have read they do in other countries ? ”

Presently Harry exclaimed, “ As I am alive, there is the hare skulking¹ along ! I hope they will not be able to find her ; and if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone.”

Soon up came the dogs, which had now lost all scent of their game, and a gentleman upon a fine horse. He asked Harry if he had seen the hare. Harry made no answer ; but upon the gentleman repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered he had. “ And which way is she gone ? ” asked the gentleman. “ Sir, I don’t choose to tell you,” answered Harry after some hesitation. “ Not choose ! ” cried the gentleman, leaping off his horse ; “ but I’ll make you choose it in an instant ; ” and coming up to Harry, who never moved from his place, began to lash him mercilessly with his whip, continually repeating, “ Now, you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now ? ” To which Harry made no other answer than this : “ If I would not tell you

1. Running so as to avoid observation.

before, I won't now, though you should kill me."

But this resolution of Harry and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner, made no impression on the barbarian. He continued his brutality till another gentleman rode up full speed and said, "For God's sake, Squire, what are you about? You will kill the child if you do not take care." "And the little dog deserves it," said the other; "he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone." "Take care," replied the gentleman in a low voice, "that you don't bring yourself into trouble. I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood." Then turning to Harry, he said, "Why, my dear, would you not tell the gentleman which way the hare has gone, if you have seen her?" "Because," answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, "I don't choose to betray the unfortunate." "This boy," said the gentleman, "is a prodigy¹; and it is a happy thing for you that his age is not equal to his spirit." At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and the

1. An object of great wonder.

squire mounted his horse and galloped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he did. "A little sore," said Harry; "but that does not matter."

Tommy. I wish I had a pistol or a sword!

Harry. Why, what would you have done with it?

Tommy. I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so cruelly.

Harry. That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he would not have used me so. But it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our enemies, as Mr. Barlow tells us our Saviour¹ did; and then perhaps they may come to love us, and be sorry for what they have done.

Tommy. How could you bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out?

Harry. Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys

1. Jesus Christ.

have suffered without ever flinching¹ or crying out like a woman.

Tommy. Well, I should have thought it a great deal.

Harry. Oh, it's nothing to what the young Spartans used to suffer.

Tommy. Who were they?

Harry. They were a very brave set of people, that lived a great while ago. As they were but few in number, and were surrounded by a great many enemies, they used to make their little boys very brave and hardy. These little boys used to be always running about, half-naked, in the open air, and wrestling and jumping, and exercising themselves. They had very coarse food, and hard beds to lie upon. All this made them so strong and hardy and brave, that the like was never seen.

Tommy. What! and had they no coaches to ride in, nor sweetmeats, nor wine, nor anybody to wait upon them?

Harry. Oh, dear, no; their fathers thought that would spoil them; and so they all fared alike, and ate together in

1. Showing bodily pain by a slight start or shrinking of the body.

great rooms ; and there they were taught to be orderly and behave properly. When dinner was over, they all went to play together ; and if they committed any faults they were severely whipped, but they never minded it, and scorned to cry out or make a wry face.

They now reached the village, and Tommy laid out all his money in buying some clothes for the ragged boy and his brothers. The clothes were made up in a bundle, which he desired Harry to carry for him. "That I will," said Harry ; "but why don't you choose to carry them yourself ?"

Tommy. Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things for himself.

Harry. Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is strong enough ?

Tommy. I don't know, but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people.

Harry. Then he should not have hands or feet or eyes or ears or mouth, because the common people have them.

Tommy. No, no ; he must have all these, because they are useful.

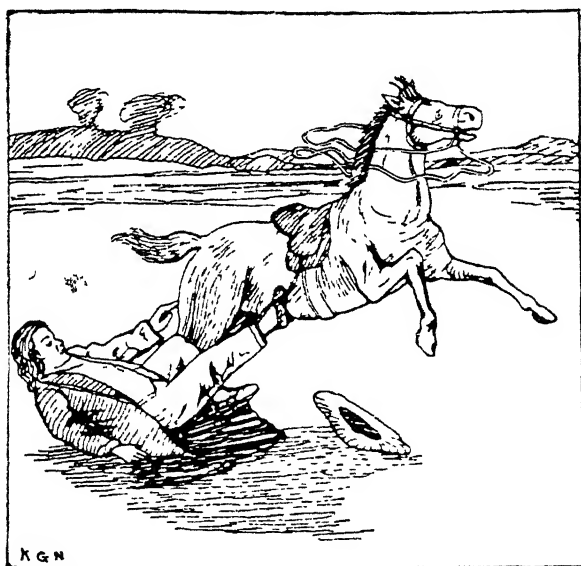
Harry. And is it not useful to do things for ourselves ?

Tommy. Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them.

Harry. Then, I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman.

Tommy. Why so?

Harry. Because, if all were gentlemen, nobody would do anything, and then we should all be starved.



Just then they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, they saw a horse galloping violently along and dragging along with him his rider, who had fallen

off and in falling hitched¹ his foot in the stirrup. Luckily for the person, it happened to be wet ground and the side of a hill, which prevented the horse from going so rapidly as to hurt the rider. But Harry, who was always ready to do an act of kindness even at the risk of his life, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching; and just as he made a pause before he leapt over, caught him by the bridle and effectually stopped his further progress. In an instant, another gentleman came up with two or three servants, alighted from their horses, freed the fallen person, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly around him for some time. However, not being seriously hurt, he soon recovered his senses, and swore at his horse, and asked who 'had stopped the jade.'² "Who!" said his friend; "why, the very little boy that you used so shamefully this morning. Had it not been for his skill and courage, that skull of yours would have been broken to pieces."

The squire looked at Harry with a

1. Caught.

2. An inferior, wearied or worn-out horse: here a term of abuse.

certain degree of shame. Pulling out a guinea, he offered it to Harry, telling him at the same time that he was very sorry for what had happened. But Harry, with a look of great contempt, rejected the present. He then took up the bundle which he had dropped at the time he seized the horse, and walked away with his companion.

They now called at the poor man's cottage, and found him much better, as Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night and given him suitable medicines. Tommy told the little boy that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman; and there were some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was very great; and the good woman and the poor man who had just begun to sit up blessed little Tommy for his generosity. Tommy was moved to tears of compassion, and equally so was Harry. As they were returning, Tommy said, "I have never spent any money with greater pleasure than now. For the future I will lay out all the money given to me in such works of kindness."

CHAPTER VIII

HOW TOMMY SET ABOUT TAMING WILD ANIMALS

A few days after this, Harry brought with him the chicken that he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little creature was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received. It showed such affection to its protector that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle¹ in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised to see its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had become so gentle. Harry told him that he had fed it every day till it was well, and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had come to have a great affection for him.

“Indeed,” said Tommy, “that is very surprising; for I thought all birds flew away whenever a man came near them, and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them.”

Mr. Barlow. And what do you imagine is the reason of that?

1. Press (itself) affectionately to (his) bosom : formed from nest.

Tommy. Because they are wild.

Mr. Barlow. And what is a fowl's being wild?

Tommy. When he will not let you come near him.

Mr. Barlow. But what is the reason of his being wild?

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because fowls are naturally so.

Mr. Barlow. But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry.

Tommy. That is because he is so good to it.

Mr. Barlow. Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to it?

Tommy. No, sir, I believe not.

Mr. Barlow. But when a person is not good to it or endeavours to hurt it, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not?

Tommy. Yes.

Mr. Barlow. And then you say that the animal is wild, do you not?

Tommy. Yes, sir.

Mr. Barlow. Why, then, it is probable that animals are wild, only because they are afraid of being hurt, and run away only from the fear of danger. I believe

you would do the same from a lion or a tiger.

Tommy. Indeed, I should, sir.

Mr. Barlow. And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal? (Tommy laughed heartily at this and said, No). Therefore, if you want to tame wild animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you.

Harry. Indeed, that is very true; for I knew a little boy who took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had his milk for his breakfast, he used to sit under a nut-tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl.

Tommy. And did it not bite him?

Harry. No; he used to give it sometimes a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast, but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation and being good-natured and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first he happened to meet was a sucking-pig

that had rambled from his mother and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect such an opportunity of showing his powers. He therefore called, "Pig, pig, pig, come here, little pig." But the pig, who did not exactly know his intentions, only grunted and ran away. "You ungrateful little thing," said Tommy, "do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends, I must teach you." So saying, he sprang at the pig and caught him by the hind leg, intending to give him the bread which he had in his hand. But the pig, who was not used to be treated in this manner, began squeaking and struggling; and the sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter¹ at her heels. Tommy now thought it most prudent to let him go; and the pig, trying to escape as soon as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where this happened was extremely wet. Therefore, Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot. The sow at that instant, passed over him as he

1 A collective noun: the young ones (of pigs, dogs, etc.) brought forth at a birth.

attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire.

Tommy, who was not of the coolest temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness. So, losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind-leg, and began beating her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not like this treatment, and tried with all her force to get free. But as Tommy still kept his hold and continued his discipline¹, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards. She squeaked at the same time in the most lamentable manner, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs.

During the heat of this contest, a flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the frightened sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the utmost haste, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise. But a gander of more than common size and courage flew at Tommy's hind parts, and gave him several severe strokes with his bill. Tommy, being thus

1. Punishment.

attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune; and not knowing the precise extent of his danger, he not only allowed the sow to escape, but joined his cries to the general scream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who, coming up to the place, found his pupil in the most woeful plight ¹, with his hands and face as black as those of a chimney-sweeper. He enquired what the matter was, and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered in this manner: "Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and gentle and make them love me, and you see the consequences." "Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, "I see you have been ill-treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it be owing to anything I have said, I shall feel the greatest regret." "No," said Tommy, "I cannot say I am much hurt." "Why then," said Mr. Barlow, "you had better go and wash yourself; and when you are clean, we will talk over the whole affair together."

When Tommy returned, Mr. Barlow asked him how the accident had happened.

1. Condition (usually in referring to some evil or bad luck).

When he heard the story, he said: "I am very sorry for your misfortune; but I do not see that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hind legs."

Tommy. No, sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and so I wanted to feed the pig.

Mr. Barlow. But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and when you seized him so violently, he attempted to escape; and his mother, hearing his cries, naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with its nature and disposition. Otherwise, you may fare like the boy that, in trying to catch flies, was stung by a wasp or like another that, seeing an adder asleep upon a bank, took it for an eel and was bitten by it, which nearly cost him his life.

Tommy. But, sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it.

Mr. Barlow. That might very well happen. There is scarcely any creature

that will do hurt, unless it be attacked or wants food; and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not. Therefore, the best way is not to meddle with any, till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. It is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the tailor was by the elephant.

Tommy. Pray sir, what is the curious story?

“There was,” said Mr. Barlow, “at Surat a tailor who used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to which the elephants were led every day to drink. He made friends with one of the largest of these beasts by presenting him with fruits and other vegetables whenever the elephant passed his door. The elephant would put his long trunk in at the window and receive anything his friend chose to give. But one day the tailor happened to be in ill humour, and when the beast put his trunk in at the window as usual, instead of giving him anything to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and without showing any marks

of anger went on with the rest to drink. After he had quenched his thirst, he collected in his trunk a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find. The trunk is capable of holding many gallons, and when the elephant passed by the tailor's shop on his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over and almost drowned him."

"Indeed," said Harry, "considering the strength of the animal, he must have had great moderation and generosity not to have punished him more severely. It is a great shame to men ever to be cruel to animals, when those creatures are so affectionate and loving towards them."

Tommy thanked Mr. Barlow for the story, and promised for the future to use more prudence in his kindness towards animals.

CHAPTER IX

HOW TOMMY DID AN ACT WORTHY OF A TRUE 'GENTLEMAN'

ONE morning Tommy and Harry took a long walk before breakfast, as they often used to do. They walked farther than usual, and, being tired, sat down under a hedge to rest. A clean-dressed woman happened to pass by, and seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, said to them : " You seem, my little dears, to be tired, or to have lost your way." " No, madam," said Harry, " we have not lost our way, but wait here a little while to rest ourselves." " Well," said she, " if you will come into my little house that you see there, you may sit more comfortably ; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk."

Tommy, now hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept her kind invitation ; so both followed her to a small farmhouse which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a nice clean kitchen, with plain but convenient furniture ; and were desired to sit by a warm fire.

Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and saw a room filled with apples. "Pray," said he, "what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else." "That is very true," said the woman "but we make cider of them." "What," cried Tommy, "are you able to make that sweet pleasant liquor that they call cider, and is it made of apples?" "Yes, indeed it is," said she. "And pray, how is it made?" asked Tommy. "We take the apples," she explained, "when they are ripe, and crush them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take this pulp, and put it into large hair bags, which we press in a great press, till all the juice runs out." "And is this juice cider?" asked Tommy. "You shall taste, little master," said she, "as you seem to be curious."

She led him into another room, with a tub full of apple-juice; and asked him to taste it. But he knew it was not cider. She then took some liquor out of a barrel which she gave him; and Tommy said it was cider and no mistake. "What do you do," asked Tommy, "to the apple-juice to make it cider?" "Nothing at

all," said she. "How then should it become cider?" asked he. "Why," said she, "we put the juice into a large cask, and let it stand in a warm place, where it soon begins to ferment." "Ferment, pray, what is that?" asked Tommy in great curiosity. She then showed another tub, and Tommy saw it was covered all over with scum and froth.

Tommy. And is this what you call fermentation?

Woman. Yes, master.

Tommy. What is the reason of it?

Woman. That I do not know, indeed; but when we have pressed the juice out, we put it into a cask, and let it stand in a warm place; and in a short time it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see. After this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cider; and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or keep it for our own use. And I am told this is the manner in which they make wine in other countries.

Tommy. What, is wine made of apples, then?

Woman. No, master; wine is made of grapes: they squeeze the juice out and

treat it in the same manner as we do the apples.

Tommy. Then cider is nothing but wine made of apples !

A little girl now brought an earthen plate full of new milk, with a slice of brown bread. Tommy thought that he had never made a better breakfast in his life. When both the boys had eaten their breakfast, Tommy pulled out a shilling which he desired her to accept. "No, God bless you, my dear," said the woman ; "what though we are poor, we are able to get a living by our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller, without hurting ourselves."

Tommy thanked her and was about to go away, when two surly-looking men came in and asked the woman if her name was Tosset "Yes, it is," said she ; "I have never been ashamed of it." "Why then," said one of them, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "here is an execution ¹ against you on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not at once discharge the debt, with interest and all costs, amounting to the sum of

1. An order of the court to seize the goods or person of a debtor who fails to pay.

£ 39-10-0, we shall take a list of all you have and sell it by auction for the discharge of the debt." "This must be a mistake," she said; "for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord." "No, no, mistress," said the man; "we know our business too well to make these mistakes; and when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him: in the meantime we must go on with our work."

The two men then went into the next room; and soon after, a stout and comely-looking man, of about forty, came in with a good-humoured countenance and asked if his breakfast was ready. "O, my poor dear William," said the woman, "here is a sad breakfast for you. It cannot be true that you owe anything to anyone, so what those fellows told me about Richard Gruff must be false." At this name, the man's face became as pale as a sheet. "Alas," said the man, "I do not know the exact sum; but when your brother failed, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to gaol, had I not stood surety for him. This enabled him to go to sea and he promised to send the money

to me, but you know we have not heard anything from him for the last three years." "Then," she cried, bursting into tears, "you and your poor children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it."

Driven mad by misery, he seized an old sword which hung over the chimney, and was going out with the words, "I will die first," when his wife flung herself upon her knees and cried: "O my dear husband, for heaven's sake consider what you are doing. You can do neither me nor your children any good by this violence. Should you be unfortunate in killing either of the men, it would be murder, and our lot would be a thousand times worse than it is at present." This and his children's sobs, as well as his own cooler reflections, made him put aside the sword, and he sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands and crying, "The will of God be done."

Tommy saw all this with the greatest attention, though he had not said a word; and calling Harry, he went silently out of the house and returned to Mr. Barlow's.

He at once went to Mr. Barlow and desired that he should be sent to his father immediately. Mr. Barlow stared at this request in surprise. "Sir," said Tommy, "I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion¹, you will not disapprove of it." Mr. Barlow did not press him any further, but ordered a servant to saddle a horse directly and take Tommy home in front of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised and overjoyed at this unexpected appearance of their son. After he had answered their first questions, he soon came to the point that he wanted forty pounds. The mother was very much surprised; so was the father. When asked why he wanted it, he said it was a secret. "Pray, sir, wait a few days, and you shall know; and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live."

Mr. Merton was struck with Tommy's earnestness, and being both very rich and liberal, he resolved to trust him and comply with his request. Mr. Merton gave the money, saying that he would

1. Reason.

never trust him again if he were to make a bad use of it. Tommy was overjoyed at his father's confidence in him, and hurried to Mr. Barlow's.

Taking Harry with him, he hastened to the farmer's house, and found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. Going up to the woman who sat sobbing, he said, "You were very kind to me in the morning, and I am determined to be kind to you in return." "God bless you, my little master," said she, "you are very welcome to what you had; but you cannot do anything to relieve our distress." "How do you know that?" said Tommy. Not wishing to keep the good woman any longer in suspense, he took out his bag and poured out the money into her lap, saying, "Take this and pay your debts; and God bless you and your children." Her surprise may be easily imagined, and the feelings of joy and gratitude were so great that she fell back in her chair with a sort of convulsive motion. Her husband ran up to her and asked what was the matter, and when he came to know of Tommy's generosity, he too was greatly affected by it. Tommy, who began to

be pained by this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry.



When he came back to Mr. Barlow's, the latter received him with the greatest affection.

The summer had completely passed away while Tommy was receiving these improvements at Mr. Barlow's. He was neither so fretful as before, nor so easily affected by the changes of the season. Now the winter had set in with unusual severity the water was all frozen into a

solid mass of ice; the earth was bare of food; and the little birds, that used to hop about and chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the severity of the weather.

CHAPTER X

HOW TOMMY GAINED SOME INSIGHT INTO THE SCHEME OF LIFE

TOMMY was one day surprised, when he entered his chamber, to find a pretty bird flying about it. He brought Mr. Barlow, who told him that it was called Robin Redbreast, and that it was more tame and disposed to cultivate the society of men than any other species. "Now," said Mr. Barlow, "the poor little fellow wants food, and hunger gives him this unusual boldness." "Why then, sir," said Tommy "if you will give me leave, I will feed him with a piece of bread." "Do so," answered Mr. Barlow; "but first set the window open that he may see that you do not intend to take him prisoner." Tommy did so at once, and scattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, he had the satisfaction

of seeing his guest hop down and make a hearty meal. He then flew out of the room, and settled upon a neighbouring tree, singing all the time, as if to return thanks for his hospitality.

Tommy repeated this every day, and the intimacy increased so much that little Robin would alight on Tommy's shoulder and whistle his notes in that situation, or eat out of his hand. When one day he came to his room as usual to feed his little friend, he found that he was torn to pieces and that a large cat was just then escaping. Tommy ran down with tears in his eyes, and told Mr. Barlow of the bird's death and his strong suspicions against the cat; and he demanded vengeance against her "O sir," he said, "nothing can be too bad for that cruel animal. I would have her killed as she killed the poor bird."

Mr. Barlow. But do you think that she did it out of any particular malice towards your bird, or merely because she was hungry and is used to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy admitted that she could have no special spite against the bird and must have been led to do so by hunger.

Mr. Barlow. Have you never seen cats preying upon mice and other little creatures ?

Tommy. Yes, sir, very often.

Mr. Barlow. And have you ever corrected them for so doing ?

Tommy. I cannot say I have.

Mr. Barlow. You have observed that it was common to the whole species to destroy mice and little birds, and yet have not taken any pains to secure your favourite from the danger. On the contrary, by making him tame and accustoming him to be fed, you have exposed him to a violent death. He might have avoided this, had he remained wild. Would it not, therefore, be more reasonable to teach the cat not to prey upon little birds, than to put her to death for what she never knew to be an offence ?

Tommy. But is that possible ?

Mr. Barlow. Quite possible. We may at least try the experiment.

Tommy. But why should such a mischievous creature live at all ?

Mr. Barlow. Because were you to destroy every creature that preys upon others, you would perhaps leave few alive.

Tommy. Surely, sir, the poor bird was never guilty of such cruelty?

Mr. Barlow. I will not answer for that. Let us observe what they live upon in the fields.

Mr. Barlow then went to the window, and desired Tommy to come to him and observe a Robin which was then hopping upon the grass with something in his mouth, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy. I declare, sir, it is a large worm; and now he has swallowed it! I should never have suspected such a pretty bird could be so cruel.

Mr. Barlow. Do you imagine that the bird is conscious of all the sufferings of the worm?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. In him, then, it is not the same cruelty which it would be in you who are gifted with reason and reflection. He obeys an instinct for animal food, just as the sheep and the ox do when they feed upon grass.

Mr. Barlow placed another Robin in a wire cage and put a heated iron gridiron before it; and when the cat made a spring at the bird, she only

burnt herself, and never more attempted to destroy birds.

One day Tommy exclaimed, "What a dreary season! I wish it were always summer."

Mr. Barlow. In some countries it is so; but there they complain more of the heat than you do of the cold.

Tommy. Then I should like to live in a country, neither very hot nor very cold.

Mr. Barlow. Such a country is scarcely to be found; or if it be, it must be so small a portion of the earth as to leave room for very few inhabitants.

Tommy. Then I should think it would be very crowded; for everybody would naturally wish to live there.

Mr. Barlow. There you are mistaken for the natives of the worst climates love their own country best even as those of the finest do theirs. Custom makes people satisfied with the place of their birth.

CHAPTER XI

HOW TOMMY AND HARRY MISSED THEIR
WAY AND WERE HELPED BY THE
RAGGED BOY AND HOW TOMMY
HAD A LESSON IN TRUE
CONTENTMENT

A FEW days after this conversation, when the snow had nearly disappeared, the two boys went out for a walk. Insensibly they wandered so far that they scarcely knew their way, and resolved to return as speedily as possible. Unfortunately, however, in passing through a wood, they missed their track and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow set in. Luckily, they found an aged oak tree with a hollow, into which they crept to protect themselves from the storm. Tommy had been little used to such hardships, but bore it all for some time. At length hunger and fear took possession of his soul, and he asked Harry, in a mournful voice, what they should do. "Do?" said Harry; "we must wait till the weather clears up, and then we shall try to find our way home."

Tommy. What if the weather should not clear up at all?

Harry. In that case we must either try to find our way through the snow, or stay here where we are so conveniently sheltered.

Tommy. Oh, I am so hungry and cold! Oh, that we had but a little fire to warm us!

The snow soon ceased and the sky became clearer, and they began their march with difficulty, for the snow had completely covered every track, and daylight began to fail. At every step Tommy sank almost to his knees in snow. At length they came upon some embers which some labourers perhaps had lately quitted and which were yet unextinguished. "See," said Harry with joy, "see what a lucky chance this is! Here is a fire ready lighted: wants only a little wood to make it burn." He then collected all the pieces of dry wood there, and piling them upon the embers, soon made them blaze brightly. Tommy then began to warm his almost frozen limbs with great delight; and said, "I could never have believed that a few dried sticks could have been of so much

importance." "Ah," answered Harry, "Master Tommy, I have seen hundreds of poor children that have not bread to eat, nor fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Yet they are so used to hardship that they do not cry in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour." "Why," answered Tommy, "it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor." "Why not?" asked Harry; "is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor? and if he be a man, should he not accustom himself to bear everything that his fellow-creatures bear?" *Tommy.* But he will have all he wants: food to eat, a good bed, and a warm fire. *Harry.* But he is not sure of of having all these things as long as he lives. Besides, I should think that exercise, by which a man can warm himself when he pleases, is a much better thing than all these conveniences you speak of. *Tommy.* But it is not proper for a gentleman to do the same sort of work with the common people. *Harry.* But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body stout and strong? *Tommy.* To be sure it is. *Harry.* Why then, he must some-

times labour and use his limbs, or else he will never be able to acquire strength and vigour. *Tommy*. What, cannot a person be strong without working? *Harry*. You can judge for yourself. Are any of the fine young gentlemen who visit your father's house as strong as the sons of the farmers in the neighbourhood who are always used to handling tools? *Tommy*. I believe not; for I think I am stronger myself since I have begun to work in Mr. Barlow's garden.

As they were talking thus, a little boy came singing along, with a bundle of sticks on his back; and he turned out to be that Jacky Smithers to whom Tommy had given clothes in the summer. Harry asked the boy if he could show them the way out of the wood. "Yes, surely I can," said he. "But if you will come to my father's cottage, you may warm yourself at our fire; and father will run to Mr. Barlow to let him know you are safe."

Tommy accepted the offer with joy; and they soon came to a cottage by the side of the road. When they entered, they saw a middle-aged woman busy in spinning; the eldest girl was cooking

some broth; the father was reading a book at the chimney corner, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor and creeping between their father's legs. "Daddy," said the boy as he came in, "here is Master Merton who was so good to us all in the summer: he has lost his way in the wood and is almost perished in the snow." The man rose up, and with much civility desired the two boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largest faggot; and soon the fire was blazing cheerfully. "There, my dear little master," said she, "you may at least warm yourself by our fire. I wish I had anything to offer you that you could eat; but I am afraid you would never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor folk eat." "Indeed," said Tommy, "my good mother, I have fasted so long and am so hungry that I think I could eat anything." "Well then," answered she, "you are welcome to what we have."

While the supper was preparing, the man had closed his book and placed it with great respect upon a shelf. Tommy's curiosity made him ask what the book was. "Master," said the man, "I was read-

ing the book which teaches me my duty towards man and God, the Holy Bible, and teaching it to my children." "Indeed," said Tommy, "I have heard much of that book. That is the book they read at church, and Mr. Barlow reads it so well that everybody listens and you may hear a pin drop upon the pavement." "Yes," said the man, "Mr. Barlow is a very worthy servant and follower of our Saviour Himself: he is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood. I should ever be grateful to him, for he has taught me to be a better man. I was once idle, swearing, drinking, neglecting my poor family; now I hope I am better." "That, indeed, you are, Robin," said the woman "there is not a better and kinder husband in the world." The good man added he had the greatest reason to be contented with his eight shillings a week.

"Eight shillings a week!" cried Tommy in amazement; "and is that all you and your wife and children have to live upon for a whole week?" "Not all," answered the man; "my wife sometimes earns a shilling or eighteen pence by spinning and our eldest daughter begins to do something that way, but not much."

"That makes nine shillings and sixpence a week," said Tommy. "Why, my mother gives more than that to go to a place where foreign people sing; I have seen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dressing their hair." "Master," replied the man smiling, "these are great gentle-folk; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they please with their own it is the duty of us poor folk to labour hard, take what we can get, and thank the great and wise God that our condition is no worse."

"What," asked Tommy, "is it possible that you can thank God for living in such a house as this and earning nine shillings and sixpence a week?" "To be sure I can, master," said the man. "Am I not a great deal better off than perhaps a thousand others, who are at this time tossed about upon the waves, or cast away, or wandering about the world, or imprisoned for debt?"

Tommy had never thought of this question at all, and was very much struck with the piety of this honest and contented man. Just then the good woman laid a clean, though coarse, cloth upon the table, and invited the boys to

sit down, which they readily did. In the meantime, the man had taken his hat and set out for Mr. Barlow's to tell him that his pupils were safe. This worthy man had been uneasy at their absence and was at that time busy searching for them, and therefore met the man on his way. Both of them now returned to the cottage, just as Tommy had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made.

The boys rose to meet him and expressed their regret that they had been the cause of so much uneasiness to him. He advised them, with the utmost good-nature, to be more cautious for the future and not to extend their walks so far. Then thanking the worthy people of the house, he conducted his pupils homewards in a very cold but fine and starlight evening.

CHAPTER XII

HOW TOMMY LEARNT ASTRONOMY

MR. BARLOW renewed his caution and told them of the dangers they had incurred. "Many people," said he, "have been surprised ¹, in your situation,

1. caught unprepared.

by an unexpected storm and, losing their way, have perished with cold. Sometimes, both men and beasts, not being able to see their track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep and frozen to death."

As they were walking on, Tommy looked up at the sky, where all the stars shone with unusual brightness, and said, "What an innumerable multitude of stars is there! I think I never observed so many before in all my life." "Innumerable as they appear to you," said Mr. Barlow, "there are persons who have not only counted all you now see, but thousands more which at present are invisible to your eye." "How can that be?" inquired Tommy; "for there is neither beginning nor end: they are scattered so confusedly about the sky that I should think it impossible to number them."

Mr. Barlow smiled at this and said that, though Harry could not count them all, he could show him some of the constellations. "Pray, sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?" "Persons who first began to observe the heavens as you do now, observed certain stars,

remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they gave particular names to know them again and these clusters of stars, thus joined together and named, they called constellations. Now, Harry, being a farmer, you can point out to us Charles's Wain." Harry looked up and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the north. "You are right," said Mr. Barlow; "four of these stars put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon and the three others of the horses; therefore, they have named them thus. Now, Tommy, look well at these and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I do not think I can.

Mr. Barlow. Do you not think, then, you can find them again?

Tommy. I will try, sir. Now, I will take my eye off and look another way. I declare I cannot find them again. Oh, I believe there they are!

Mr. Barlow. By remembering these stars, you may easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the

whole face of the heavens. Now, look at the two stars which compose the hind wheel of the waggon, and raise your eye towards the top of the sky; do you not see a bright star that seems to be almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?" "Yes sir," said Tommy; "I see it plainly."

Mr. Barlow. That is called the Pole-star: it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

Tommy. But of what use is it to know the stars?

Mr. Barlow. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes. But what is there in all these things to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky? But there are some, and those very important, uses to be derived from an acquaintance with the stars. Harry, tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor.

"You must know, Master Tommy," said Harry, "I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked

upon. Since I am familiar with the roads, my father often sends me to my uncle with messages. One evening I got there so late, that it was not possible to reach home again before it was quite dark: it was the month of October I would not stay at my uncle's, and therefore set out but just as I had reached the heath ¹, the evening grew extremely dark.

Tommy. And were you not frightened to be all alone in such a place?

Harry. No; the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night. However, by this time, there came on such a tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quit-
ted the track to take shelter under a holly-bush. When the storm was almost over, I tried to continue my way, but missed the track and lost myself. I wandered about a long time, but to no purpose. Sometimes I tore my legs in going through thickets of furze now and then I plumped ² into a hole full of water and I was about to give it up in:

1. Flat waste land covered with shrubs.

2. Dropped heavily or suddenly.

despair when, looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance.

Tommy. Did not that give you very great comfort?

Harry. (smiling). You shall hear. At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it. But thinking there was no one who would care to hurt a poor boy like me, I made up my mind to approach it and inquire my way. When I began to go near it, it suddenly changed its direction and went straight before me with great swiftness. I thought this very strange; but just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit full of water.

Tommy. That was unlucky, indeed.

Harry. Well, I scrambled out, and luckily on the same side with the light; which I followed with as little success, halloing out at the same time to the person who I thought was carrying the light.

Tommy. And did he hear you?

Harry. Instead of that, the light now began to dance, as it were, before me ten times faster than before. Surprised at this, and thinking that no human being could pass over such a bog, I determined

to pursue it no longer. I was wet and weary; the moon and stars began to shine; I listened in hopes of hearing some sheep-bell or the barking of a dog but nothing met my ear except the whistle of the wind. Now I stopped to consider what I should do and raising my eyes by chance I saw that very constellation of Charles's Wain and above it the Pole-star.

"A thought now came into my mind I had often observed the Pole-star full before me when going to my uncle's house; therefore, if I walked in a contrary direction with my back to the star, it must lead me to my father's house. I at once put this into action. The hope of soon reaching my home made me forget my fatigue, and I ran briskly forward, avoiding the pits and bogs by the light of the moon. When I had travelled about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog which gave me double vigour; and going a little further, I came to some enclosures. These I recognised, and to reach home from there was easy.

Tommy. Then the knowledge of the Pole-star was of very great use to you. Then I shall also learn all about the stars

in the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was?

Harry. My father told me it was what the common people call a Jack-o' lantern and Mr. Barlow has since informed me that these things are only vapours which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny ¹ places, and many people have been misled by them into bogs and ditches, as I was.

They now arrived at Mr. Barlow's and the boys retired to bed.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW TOMMY'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE GREW

THE boys now returned to a diversion with which they had been amusing themselves for several days—the forming of a prodigious² snow-ball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands. This they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were

1. Marshy ; *fen* is low watery land.

2. Huge.

unable to roll it any farther. Here Tommy observed that their labours must end. "No," said Harry, "I know a remedy for that." So he ran and fetched a couple of thick sticks about five feet long, and gave one to Tommy, keeping the other himself. He then asked Tommy to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then, lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the utmost ease.

Tommy was extremely surprised at this and said, "How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than before." "That is very true," said Harry. "It is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this device, they would not be able to stir." Tommy was then shown other examples of the action of the *lever* and of the *wheel* and *axis*, which greatly increased his desire for knowledge. Mr. Barlow now asked Tommy if he could say how many barley-corns were in a sack which he showed him. Tommy replied that he would take a long time in counting them. Mr. Barlow said that, if he knew arithmetic, he might do it in five minutes; and he told him the story of a

gentleman who looked rather silly because of his ignorance of arithmetic.

"There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and was ready to pay the highest prices for them. One day a horse-dealer came to him with one so handsome that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted it and found its paces excellent for though it was so full of spirit, it was as gentle as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse-dealer answered that he would not take anything less than two hundred guineas. The gentleman would not give so much, and they were on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called him back and said, 'Is there no possible way of our agreeing? for I would give anything in reason for such a beautiful creature.' 'Why,' said the other, who was clever and understood calculation, 'if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go doubling

throughout the twenty-four? For there are no more than twenty-four nails in his shoes. The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables." (Tommy said, "This fellow must have been a very great block head to take a few farthings for his horse.") "The gentleman (Mr. Barlow continued) was of the same opinion. However, the horse-dealer added, 'I do not mean to tie you to this proposal, which you may like as little as the first. All that I require is that, if dissatisfied with the bargain, you will promise to pay me the two hundred guineas which I first asked.' To this the gentleman willingly agreed, and then called the steward¹ to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with pen and ink, and after some time wished his master joy and asked him in what part of England was the estate that he was going to purchase. 'Are you mad?' replied the gentleman 'it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for.' 'If there be

1. Person managing another's property

any madness, sir,' replied the steward, 'it certainly is not on my side: the sum comes to £ 17476, besides some shillings and pence; and no man in his senses would give this price for a horse.' The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before to hear the huge sum. He was now very glad to give the dealer what he had first asked for the animal."

Tommy. This is quite incredible. I am however, determined to learn arithmetic that I may not be imposed upon in the same way.

Thus did Tommy find a new employment and diversion for the winter nights—the learning of arithmetic.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW TOMMY PUT UP A FIGHT, FOR THE
LAST TIME, FOR 'GENTLEMAN'

ONE day, they talked of Greenland, that coldest and most uncomfortable country, and of the hard life of its people, and of the seal and the whale which abound in the seas there. Harry asked, "Pray, sir, is this the country

where men travel about upon sledges that are drawn by dogs?"

Tommy. Upon sledges drawn by dogs! That must be droll indeed I had no idea that dogs could ever draw carriages.

Mr. Barlow. The country you are thinking of is called Kamtschatka. It is indeed a cold and dreary country, but very distant from Greenland. The men train up large dogs, which they harness to a sledge. They have no reins to govern the dogs or stop them in their course but the driver sits upon his sledge, holding in his hand a short stick, which he throws at the dogs if they displease him and catches again with great dexterity as he passes. This mode of travelling is not without danger.

Tommy. But do not the poor people who inhabit these cold climates quit them whenever they can find an opportunity, and come to settle in those that are warmer?

Mr. Barlow. Not in the least. When they hear that there are no seals to be caught in other countries, they say that they must be wretched indeed, and much inferior to their own. Besides, they have in general so great a contempt for all

Europeans, that they have no inclination to visit the countries which they inhabit.

Tommy. How can that be? How can a parcel of wretched, ignorant savages despise men that are so much superior to themselves?

Mr. Barlow. They are not quite so well convinced of that. The Greenlanders, for instance, see that the Europeans are much inferior to themselves in the art of managing a boat or catching seals in short, in everything which they find most useful to support life. For this reason, they regard them all with great contempt, and look upon them as little better than barbarians.

Tommy. That is very impertinent indeed.

Mr. Barlow. Why, do you not look upon yourself as superior to your black servants, and have I not often heard you express great contempt for them?

Tommy. I do not despise them so much as I used to do. Besides, sir, I think myself something better, only because I have been brought up like a gentleman.

Mr. Barlow. A gentleman! I have never exactly understood what a gentleman is according to your notions.

Tommy. Why, sir, when a person is not brought up to work, and has a number of people to wait upon him, then he is a gentleman.

Mr. Barlow. And then he has a right to despise others, has he?

Tommy. I do not say that, sir. But he is superior to them.

Mr. Barlow. Superior in what? in the art of cultivation or making clothes or houses?

Tommy. No, sir, for gentlemen never plough the land nor build houses.

Mr. Barlow. Is he then superior in knowledge? Were you superior to all the rest when you first came here?

Tommy. No, sir.

Mr. Barlow. If you knew nothing and yet considered yourself superior to all the rest, why should you wonder that men, who really excel others in things necessary for their life, should have the same good opinion of themselves? Were you in Greenland, how would you show your own superiority and importance?

Tommy. I would tell them that I had always been well brought up at home.

Mr. Barlow. That they would not believe, for they would see that you were

unable to do anything useful—to guide a boat, to swim the seas, or to procure yourself the least sustenance, so that you would perish with hunger if they did not help you. And as to your being a gentleman, they would not understand the word nor could they see why one man who is as good as another should obey another.

Tommy. Indeed, sir, I begin to think that I am not so much better than others, as I used to think.

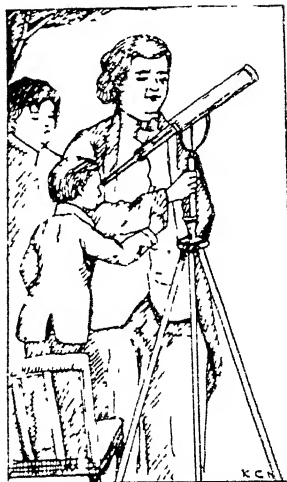
Mr. Barlow. The more you think like that, the more likely you are to acquire real superiority and excellence.

CHAPTER XV

HOW TOMMY SAW THAT KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

A FEW evenings after this conversation, when the night was remarkably clear, Mr. Barlow called his two pupils into the garden, where there was a long hollow tube suspended upon a frame. This was a telescope, and Tommy looked through it and saw the moon so large and so near him that it seemed he could

almost touch it. Tommy was delighted with it. Then Mr. Barlow told the boy a story about the telescope.



“In a certain part of Africa there was a prince, who was attacked by one of his most powerful neighbours and almost driven out of his dominions. He retired to a steep hill with a handful of brave men to defend himself to the last, while the enemy was in possession of all the country around. While in this distressing situation, he was visited by a European whom he had formerly received and treated with great kindness. To this

man the unfortunate prince complained of his bad luck, telling him that he expected to be attacked every moment by his foe and to be cut off with all his army.

“The European happened to have with him one of these glasses, which had not long been invented in Europe and were totally unknown in that part of the world. He told the prince that he would soon inform him of what his enemy was doing, so that he might take his own measures with greater confidence. Producing his glass and adjusting it, he looked at the enemy. He now told his friend that he might be easy at least for the present, for the enemy’s general was just then thinking only of a great feast which he was giving to his officers. So saying, he gave the telescope to his friend to see for himself. As soon as the prince did so, he rose with great agitation and was going to mount his horse, for what he saw seemed so near he thought that the enemy was indeed near and he must be on his defence. The European could not help smiling at this mistake, and it took him some time to remove this wrong impression by explaining the powers of the glass.

The unexpected terror this telescope had created made the European hit upon a plan of improving the position of the prince. Telling him of his intention, he desired him to draw out all his men in their military array and to let them descend the mountain slowly, clashing their arms and waving their swords as they marched. He then mounted a horse, and rode to the enemy's camp. He no sooner arrived there than he desired to be instantly introduced to the general. He found him sitting in his tent, making himself merry with his officers and not thinking of a battle. When he approached him, he said, 'I am come, great warrior, as a friend, to acquaint you with a circumstance that is necessary to the safety of yourself and your army.' 'What is it?' asked the general with surprise. 'At this moment,' said the European, 'while you are feasting, the enemy who has lately been strengthened with a large body of troops, and is advancing against you. He has even now almost penetrated to your camp. I have here a wonderful glass, and if you will be pleased to look through it, it will convince you that all I say is truth.' When the general did so,

he was filled with great fear. He saw the prince, whom he had considered to be lying at his mercy, advancing with his army in excellent order, and, as he imagined, close to his camp. He could even see the threatening air of the soldiers. His officers, who crowded round him, now peeped into the wonderful glass and were affected in the same manner. Their heads were already clouded by their intemperance, and without waiting to consult, they rushed in a panic out of their tents, mounted their swiftest horses, and fled away. The rest of the army, who had seen the fear of their leaders and had heard of the enemy's advance, were struck with equal panic and instantly followed their example. Thus was the besieged prince delivered from his danger by the superior knowledge of a single person.

"Thus you see," said Mr. Barlow, "how superiority of knowledge frequently gives great power to individuals. But a more famous instance is that of Archimedes, one of the most celebrated mathematicians of his time. When the city of Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, he defended it for a long time by the

1. Chief town in Sicily.

wonderful machines he invented, and the enemy began to despair of taking 'it.' "Pray," said Tommy, "tell me the story." "No," answered Mr. Barlow, "it is time now to retire; and you may read it in Plutarch's *Life of Marcellus*."

CHAPTER XVI

HOW TOMMY TRIED TO DISTINGUISH HIMSELF LIKE A KAMTSCHATKAN AND FAILED MISERABLY

THE time came when Mr. Barlow was accustomed to invite the greater part of the poor of his parish to an annual dinner. He had a large hall, which was almost filled with men, women, and children; a cheerful fire blazed in the chimney; and a long table was placed in the middle for the company to dine upon. Mr. Barlow himself received his guests and conversed with them about their affairs. The industrious had his praises, while the sick had relief in the shape of necessities which would lessen their sufferings.

He was the common friend of all, and never refused to any whatever his fortune

allowed him to give. But there was a duty, which he considered the most important—the encouragement of industry and virtue among the poor, and giving them juster notions of morals and religion. “If we have a dog,” he would say, “we spare neither pains nor expense to train him up to hunting; if we have a horse, we send him to an experienced rider to be bitted; but our own species seem to be the only creatures that are not at all cared for. What are the proofs,” he would exclaim, after seeing the splendid stables, ice-houses, and temples of the rich, “that the rich man has given of public spirit or humanity—proofs of the wrong he has righted, of the miseries he has lessened, of the abuses he has tried to remove?”

Such were his opinions, and he ever strove to bring the two parts of mankind—the rich and the poor—nearer together. Tommy was very much amused by the ceremonies of this festal day. He had lost a great part of his West-Indian pride, and had formed many acquaintances among the families of the poor. After the example of Mr. Barlow, he went about from one to the other, making inquiries

about their families. He was much pleased with the high respect with which he was treated, both on account of Mr. Barlow and because of the reputation of his own liberality¹. Thus the morning passed away pleasantly, but after dinner, an incident occurred to drive away all the merriment of Tommy.

Mr. Barlow had a large Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar, equally famous for his good nature and his love of the water. With this dog Tommy had long been forming an acquaintance. Tommy had been fired by the description of Kamtschatkan dogs, and their method of drawing sledges, and desired to distinguish himself like a Kamtschatkan. He chose this day for the purpose. He therefore furnished himself with some rope and a kitchen chair, which he meant to be his sledge. He then led Cæsar into a large yard behind the house, and extending the chair flat upon the ground, fastened him to it with great care. Cæsar suffered himself to be harnessed without opposition; and Tommy mounted his seat triumphantly with a whip in his hand, and commenced his operations. A

1. See Ch. 10.

crowd of little boys, the sons of the labourers within, now gathered round the young gentleman, and by their admiration increased his zeal to distinguish himself. Tommy began to use the common cries and words of coachman, and smacked his whip as if he were an experienced chariot-eer. Caesar, who did not understand this language, meanwhile began to be a little impatient, and made several bounds and reared like a restive¹ horse. This added to the amusement of the spectators. Tommy considered himself honour-bound to go through with the adventure, and became rather angry. He applied a pretty severe lash to the hind part of his steed. This made Caesar angry, who therefore set off at three-quarters speed, dragging the chair, with the driver upon it, at a dangerous rate. Tommy looked round with an air of triumph, and kept his seat with surprising firmness.

Unfortunately there was a large horse-pond close by, about three or four feet deep. To this place, by a natural instinct, Caesar ran when he found he could not free himself from his oppressor,

1. (Of horse) stubbornly standing still or moving backwards or sideways, refractory.

while Tommy now began to repent of his success and tried to pacify him. But Caesar rushed straight on to the pond, and plunged into the middle, with Tommy behind him. The crowd of spectators had now a fresh subject of merriment, and all their respect for Tommy could not check their shouts of laughter. The excited Caesar, overturning the chair, threw Tommy roughly into the water. When he at length managed to wade towards the shore, he looked like some amphibious¹ animal, covered with mud and pieces of floating ice. The troop of youthful spectators could not stifle their laughter at such a sight. This irritated the hero so much that he forgot his own sufferings and fell upon them in such fury that he put the company to flight. Whatever unfortunate boy came within his reach was sure to be unmercifully cuffed, for he did not stop to consider the exact rules of justice in his great fury.

The unusual noise and uproar reached the ears of Mr. Barlow and brought him to the door. He could hardly

1. Living both on land and in water.

help laughing at the miserable figure of his young friend. It was with difficulty that Tommy could give a clear account of his misfortunes. Mr. Barlow led him into the house and advised him to undress and go to bed.

The next day, Mr. Barlow laughed at Tommy in his usual good-natured manner for his adventure on the previous day. Tommy was a little confounded, but replied, "I would not have been so provoked if they had not laughed at my misfortunes. It is rather hard to be wetted and ridiculed both." "But," replied Mr. Barlow, "did their laughter or noise do you any great harm?" Tommy answered, "I must own it did not." "Why, then," said Mr. Barlow, "I do not see the justice of your returning it in that manner." "But," said Tommy, "it is so provoking to be laughed at." "There are two ways of remedying it," said Mr. Barlow, "either by not doing such things as will expose you to ridicule, or by learning to bear it with a little more patience." "But," said Tommy, "I do not think that any one could bear such treatment with patience." "All the world," said Mr. Barlow, "are not so

passionate as you are. The poor barbarians, as you called the Greenlanders, who are not brought up like gentlemen's sons, are capable of giving you a lesson in patience."

Now the time arrived for Tommy's departure home. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this, because the change he had wrought in the boy might be undone in his home, where he would meet with a different kind of company. But he could not avoid it, and, at Mr. Merton's special request, Harry was also sent with Tommy.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THE LABOUR OF MONTHS WAS UNDONE IN A FEW DAYS

MR. MERTON'S drawing-room was crowded with young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who had been purposely invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton; and the latter became at once the object of their immediate attention and admiration. As for Harry, he was noticed only by Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality.

A lady, however, who sat by Mrs. Merton, asked her in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, "Is that the little plough-boy whom Mr. Barlow is trying to bring up like a gentleman?" Mrs. Merton answered that it was. "I declare," said the lady, "one could easily see that from his look and appearance. But I wonder, madam, that you allow your son to keep such company."

Harry was now summoned, with the rest of the company, to dinner, of which he had already had a sample.¹ He bore it all for the sake of his friend, Tommy. In the meantime, Tommy was made much of by the ladies. He was often assured that he was a prodigy of wit², and he soon came to regard himself as one in reality. He even thought that great injustice had been done to his merit at Mr. Barlow's, for there he was frequently contradicted and obliged to give a reason for everything he said, but here he had only to talk to be admired. Indeed, his talkativeness increased so much that he began to keep all the conversation to

1. See Ch. 2.

2. Extraordinarily clever.

himself. Mr. Merton was not very pleased with this.

As for Harry, he could not please the greater number of the ladies, who agreed that he had a clownish¹ look. They thought that Mr. Barlow did not do the right thing in admitting Tommy to the company of such a low-bred boy as Harry but Mr. Barlow was "an odd kind of man who never went into society."

Thus was the first day passed at Mr. Merton's, and the days that followed were but repetitions of it. The little gentlemen could only with great difficulty show Harry even common civility. Master Compton took a leading part in this shabby behaviour, helped by Master Mash. The former was considered an accomplished² young fellow, and had almost finished his education at the public school, from which he had learnt every vice and folly. Master Mash was the only son of a gentleman who had lost his fortune in racing, and was of opinion that to bet successfully was the greatest object in a man's life.

1. A "clown" is a rustic or peasant.

2. Possessed of graceful qualities making one liked by society.

These two boys did their best to insult Harry and to please Tommy. Tommy came to like their conversation, and began to long for the time when he also would share in the glories of robbing orchards¹ or insulting passers-by. But when he heard that little boys, scarcely bigger than himself, had often formed open rebellions against their masters, or disturbed a whole audience at a playhouse,—oh how he longed for the time when he might have a chance of sharing in the fame of such great deeds! By degrees he lost all regard for Mr. Barlow and all affection for his friend Harry.

Harry saw and was sorry for this change in his friend. He sometimes took the liberty of pointing out to him the error of his ways, but was answered with words of contempt and Master Mash called him a *great bore*² for his pains.

1. Fruit gardens.

2. A dull tedious fellow.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW TOMMY SHARED IN THE 'GLORY OF DISTURBING A WHOLE AUDIENCE AT A PLAY

MR. Merton arranged that the young gentlemen should form a party to see a play at a neighbouring town. Harry formed one of the party. Tommy had ceased to have any regard for his friend, and seated himself between his two inseparable companions. These showed their politeness by throwing nuts and orange peel upon the stage, Tommy doing the same. The curtain drew up and the actors appeared. This was the time for the young gentlemen to show their superior breeding by talking and laughing loudly, while the rest of the audience remained silent. Tommy thought this to be very fine, and imitated his friends. The company consisted of tradesmen and countrymen,¹ and many of these had his share of the boys' ill-natured remarks; nor were the actors spared, who, they declared, were low, ill-dressed and disgusting.

1. Rustics

Master Mash, who prided himself on being a young gentleman of spirit proposed to *kick up a row*¹ Tommy did not understand what this meant, but still thought that it would be the most proper thing, and passed on the proposal to the other young gentlemen. Harry protested "These poor people have done us no harm, and are doing their best. If we are not pleased with them, they cannot help it; and we shall not be justified in doing any injury to their property on that account. Would it be right for the actors to enter Mr. Merton's dining room and break the dishes to pieces because they did not like the dinner?"

This advice was not, of course, liked by the rest. But just then, a plain-looking man, who was a farmer and could not attend to the play on account of their disturbance, requested the young gentlemen to let the audience enjoy the play. Master Mash looked on this advice as an impertinence, and was so angry that he went to the length of calling the man a blackguard and striking him on the face. The farmer at once laid hold of the young gentleman and made him

1. Create a disturbance.

sprawl¹ on the floor at his full length under the benches. He then set his feet upon his body, telling him at the same time that, if he did not know how to *sit*, he would teach him to *lie*, and that, if he stirred, he would trample him to pieces.



This had the desired effect on the rest, who now entreated the farmer to release their friend, in which entreaty Harry also joined. The farmer said, "I never thought that a company of young gentlemen, as you call yourselves, would have

1. To sprawl is to spread one's limbs in a careless or ungainly way.

shown such want of sense and manners. But as you are sorry for what has happened, I am willing to make an end of the affair—more particularly for the sake of this young gentleman (pointing to Harry). He is a better gentleman than you others, though he is not dressed so much like a monkey or a barber.” With these words he let go Master Mash, and they remained silent during the rest of the performance. But the spirits of Master Mash rose as he went home, for he told his companions, “If he were not so vulgar a fellow, I would call him out and pistol him.”

CHAPTER XIX

HOW HARRY PROVED HIMSELF TO BE
NO COWARD AND SAVED TOMMY FROM
BEING GORED TO DEATH BY A BULL

THE next morning the young gentlemen went out for a walk in the country. Harry went with them as usual. While walking along the common ¹, they saw a large crowd of people, and found on enquiry that the sport of bull-baiting

1. Wasteland belonging to the whole community.

was about to take place. Tommy and his friends were eager to see the diversion. There was, however, one obstacle, that Mrs. Merton had made them promise that they would avoid every form of danger. This objection was met by Master Lyddal. He said that there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast and could therefore do them no harm. Besides, Lyddal added, "What occasion is there for them to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not such tell-tales as to inform against one another." "No, no," was the exclamation from all but Harry. "Master Harry has not said a word," said one of the boys. "Indeed," said Harry, "no but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling?" "What," said Lyddal, "can't you say that we have been walking along the common without saying anything more?" "No," said Harry "that would not be telling the truth. Besides, bull-baiting is a cruel and dangerous amusement, and therefore none of us should go to see it.

The other fellows at once fell to abusing Harry, calling him "beggar's brat," "impertinent monkey," "dirty black-

guard," and "spy and informer." Harry was more grieved at his friend's silence at these insults, than at the insults themselves. He therefore answered, "I am as little a spy and informer as any of you as to begging, thank God, I want as little of you as you of me; besides, were I reduced to beggary, I should not waste my time in asking charity of any of you." This answer and the comments made upon it, made Master Merton angry. Therefore Tommy went up to Harry with clenched fists and asked him, "Do you mean to insult me?" His companions applauded him and advised him to thrash Harry for his impudence. "No, Master Tommy," said Harry, "it is your friends that insult me." "Are you a person of such importance," asked Tommy, "that you must not be spoken to? You are a fine gentleman, indeed!" "I always thought you one, till now," replied Harry. "How, you rascal," said Tommy, "do you say I am not a gentleman? Take that;" and immediately struck Harry upon the face with his fist. He only turned his face away and said in a low tone, "Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought you could have treated

me so ; " and, covering his face with his hands, burst into an agony of crying.

Mistaking his patience for cowardice, the boys crowded round him and called him *coward*, *blackguard* and *tell-tale* ; and some pulled him by the hair bidding him show his *pretty face*. Harry wiped his tears, asked them not to meddle with him, and said, " As to all your nicknames and nonsense, I scorn them. But though I have suffered Master Merton to strike me, there is not another that shall do it or if he chose to try, he shall soon find whether or not I am a coward."

Master Mash replied by a slap on Harry's face, which Harry returned by a punch of his fist which almost knocked down his foe. This unexpected check, from one so much inferior in size and strength to himself, roused the spirit of Mash. He now flew at Harry like a fury and struck him with such force that Harry fell down from the force of the blow. He rose in an instant and closed with his enemy, who a second time hurled him roughly to the ground. The other boys, who now had a sincere regard for Harry's courage, gathered round the combatants

in silence. Again Harry rose and attacked his foe with the coolness of an experienced fighter. The battle became more and more violent. Mash had superior strength and skill, and each one of his blows seemed sufficient to crush such a small boy. But Harry had a body hardened to pain and hardship, and a cool unyielding courage which knew no defeat. Four times had he fallen and as often had he risen unconquered. At length the enemy began to show signs of weariness and to lose command over his temper. His feet began to fail, and filled with rage and shame, he rushed at Harry, to crush him in one final effort. Harry stepped aside quickly, and seeing the other exhausted by his own effort, darted at him with all his force, and by one successful blow levelled him with the earth.

The very same boys, who a short time before had insulted him, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory; for such is human nature that men are ready to admit superiority of force rather than of justice. Harry now went up to his foe, and, helping him to rise, said, "I am very sorry for what has happened." But Mash, suffering from

pain and shame, kept an obstinate silence.

Just at this moment, a new spectacle drew their attention. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribbons of many colours. He was fastened to an iron ring, and a large crowd of men, women and children surrounded the place. The little party of boys now mingled with the multitude. Harry followed them at a distance, though unwillingly, because he could not go away till he had seen his friend in a place of safety.

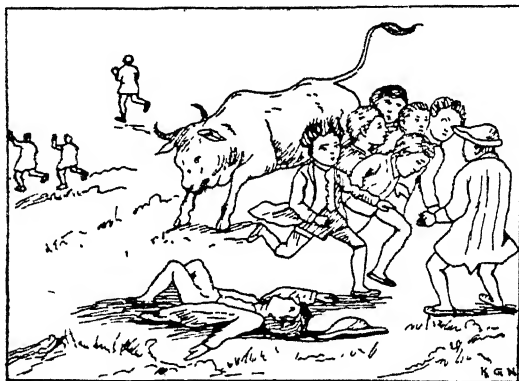
The inhuman sport presently began. A dog of the largest size and most ferocious courage was let loose. The dog rushed at the bull with a savage yell, but the latter quietly suffered him to come near and then tossed him in the air with his horns. Had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been killed by the fall. The same fate befell other dogs sent against the bull.

Just then a poor half-naked negro came up and begged for alms. He had served in the navy and been discharged to

poverty and want. Some of the young gentlemen, from a bad education, merely laughed at the poor black. Master Merton, however, though much changed, had still a great degree of generosity, and put his hand in his pocket to give him something. But it was empty. The poor negro now approached Harry, holding out his tattered hat. Harry gave him sixpence, which was all he had. Just then three fierce dogs rushed at the bull, and by their joint attacks made it almost mad with pain and fury. In his attempts to meet his enemies, he had to turn round and round, and suddenly the cord snapped, and he was let loose upon the frightened multitude.

It is impossible to describe the terror which instantly seized the crowd of spectators, who were now scattered over the plain, fleeing from the fury of the enraged bull. The animal, meanwhile, rushed like lightning across the field, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Presently he rushed with head-long fury towards the spot where Master Merton and his friends were. Shrieks and lamentations were heard

on every side. Harry alone kept his presence of mind, and when the terrible animal approached, he leapt nimbly aside and the bull passed on. Not so fortunate was Tommy. He happened to be right in the way of the bull, and his destruction now seemed certain, for his foot slipped as he ran, and down he tumbled in the very path of the enraged animal. But



Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong¹ which one of the fleeing crowd had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stooping to gore his friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The animal turned and made at his new assailant. It is probable

1. A long instrument ending like a fork.

that Harry would have been slain, had not an unexpected help occurred; for in that moment the grateful negro rushed to assist him, and, attacking the bull with a heavy stick, compelled him to turn his rage on a new enemy. The black, jumping aside quickly, seized him by the tail and began to rain on him a storm of blows. In vain did the enraged beast turn round and round, bellowing madly. His foe never let go his hold, but suffered himself to be dragged about the field, still continuing his blows, till the animal was exhausted with the violence of his own exertions. Now some of the boldest spectators approached, and throwing a stout rope over the bull's head, mastered him at last and bound him to a tree.

In the meantime, some of Mr. Merton's servants, who had been sent out after the young gentlemen, approached and took up their young master, who, though without a wound, was almost dead with fear. Harry, seeing that his friend was safe, invited the negro to accompany him and took his way to his father's house.

CHAPTER XX

HOW TOMMY AND THE LADIES BECAME ADMIRERS OF HARRY

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Merton's mind was being poisoned at home against Harry by Mrs. Compton and Miss Matilda. Mr. Merton was attacked by the ladies on the subject, but he replied that a little time would prove which were the most proper companions for Master Merton. At this moment a servant burst into the room crying out, "O madam—such an accident—poor dear Master Tommy!" "What of him, for God's sake?" cried out Mrs. Merton in great alarm. "Nay, madam," answered the servant, "he is not much hurt, they say; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting and the bull has gored him, and William and John are bringing him home in their arms." Mrs. Merton uttered a violent shriek and fell down in a faint, and while the ladies were assisting her, Mr. Merton went out to learn the truth.

He had not proceeded far before he met the crowd of boys and servants, one of whom carried Tommy in his arms. When he assured himself of his son's

safety, he inquired into the circumstances of the affair. Just then Mrs. Merton, recovering from her fit, rushed out of the house, and seeing that her son was safe, she caught him in her arms and gave herself up to the first feelings of joy without thinking of the company.

At length she became more calm, and seeing no Harry, exclaimed with sudden anger, "So, I see that little wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in; and I almost wish that the bull had gored him as he deserved." "What little wretch do you mean?" asked Tommy. "Whom can I mean," replied Mrs. Merton, "but that vile Harry Sandford whom your father is so fond of and who had nearly cost you your life by leading you into this danger?" "He! mamma," said Tommy, "he lead me into danger! He did all he could to persuade me not to go; and I wish I had taken his advice."

Mrs. Merton was struck with amazement. "Who was so imprudent, then?" asked Mr. Merton. "Indeed, papa," said Tommy, "we are all to blame, all but Harry." Mrs. Merton looked confused at her mistake, but Mrs. Compton said, "I suppose Harry was afraid of

the danger." "O no, indeed, madam," answered one of the boys, "Harry is no coward, though we thought him so at first when he let Master Tommy strike him. But he fought Mash in the bravest manner I ever saw; and though Mash fought well, Harry had the advantage and I saw him follow Merton at a little distance and keep his eye on him all the time till the bull broke loose; and then I do not know what became of him, I was so frightened." Now one of the servants, who had seen the whole affair from a distance, gave an exact account of Tommy's misfortune, of Harry's bravery, and of the unexpected help of the poor black, and filled the whole room with admiration that such an action should have been done by a mere child. Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame and the young ladies, forgetting their objections to his person and manners, were now loud in their praises of Harry. Mr. Merton now looked about the room, and seeing that Harry was absent, said "Surely he can have met with no accident!" One of the servants said, "No, for I saw him going to his own home with the black." "Surely," said Mr

Merton, "he must have received some unworthy treatment that could make him leave us all so suddenly. Now I recollect; surely, Tommy, you could not have been so basely ungrateful as to strike the best of your friends!" Tommy, at this, hung down his head, and tears of shame began silently to trickle down his cheeks.

When the mother, in her fondness, was going to clasp him to her bosom, Mr. Merton checked her, saying, "This is not the time to give way to foolish fondness for a child who, I fear, can be only a dishonour to his parents." Tommy burst now into a violent fit of crying and was taken out of the room by his mother. Mr. Merton now learnt from the boy who had already mentioned him of Tommy's striking Harry, the particulars of the incident, and the father felt wounded by his son's conduct. In this state of mind, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Barlow.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW TOMMY TRIED TO RIVAL AN ARAB IN HORSEMANSHIP

MR. MERTON received Mr. Barlow most warmly, but the latter saw that Mr. Merton was not quite himself, and inquired after Tommy to give his father an opportunity of speaking; and Mr. Merton soon gave an account of his son's conduct. Mr. Barlow comforted him by saying that it was not perhaps so very serious. "But," said the other, "what pains me most is that he should be found wanting in goodness and generosity which I always thought he possessed." "Neither," said Mr. Barlow, "do I think your son is deficient in either. You must consider the influence of example, and the society to which you have lately introduced him. It is difficult even for older persons to resist the influence of their company."

Mr. Merton then introduced Mr. Barlow to the people in the other room. Tommy seemed to have lost all his original spirits, though he received Mr. Barlow with affection and gratitude, and made respectful answers to his inquiries. Mr. Barlow saw these signs of repentance

with pleasure, and drew his father's attention to them.

After dinner most of the young gentlemen went away to their homes. Tommy seemed to have lost his former admiration for his polite friends.

The next day Tommy rose before his parents, and as his imagination was fired by what he had heard of the skill of the Arab horsemen, he proposed to have a ride on his little horse, accompanied by William, his father's man. He wished to be an Arab horseman on the common before his father's house. William was only too well used to his little master's whims. Tommy had been strictly instructed not to use spurs, and the servants not to supply them to him. This difficulty he overcame by taking two large-sized pins from his mother's maid; and thrusting them through the leather of his boots, he started on his adventure.

Tommy asked William if he had ever seen an Arab on horseback. William said he had not, and Tommy began to tell him the details of what he had heard the preceding night. But he was so interested in his narration that he forgot himself, and closing his legs upon his

little horse, pricked it so sharply that the pony set off at a great speed. William at first could not understand whether Tommy was illustrating his talk on Arabian horsemanship in this practical manner, but soon found that it was an accident and might prove dangerous, for now the pony sped along the roughest part of the common.. William pursued his young master, which only added to the speed of the pony. Tommy kept his seat with great skill and pluck, though he would now gladly have exchanged his horse for the dullest ass in England.

The race had now lasted a long time, when the pony suddenly turned sharply and rushed into a large bog. Here it made a momentary halt, and Tommy wisely took the opportunity to slip off upon a soft bed of mire. The servant now came up and rescued him from his disagreeable situation. Tommy had received no other damage than that of soiling his clothes and body. Asking William to bring the pony, which was now quietly grazing at a distance, Tommy returned homeward on foot.

He had only gone a little distance

before he saw a flock of sheep running in great confusion from the pursuit of a large dog ; and just as Tommy approached, the dog had overtaken a lamb and seemed disposed to kill it. Tommy hated cruelty, and therefore running towards the dog, tried to drive him from his prey. But seeing that his foe was small, the dog quitted the lamb and made a spring and seized the skirt of Tommy's coat, which he shook with rage. Tommy showed great courage, for he neither cried out nor attempted to run, but made his utmost effort to free himself from the enemy. But the contest was so unequal that it was probable he might have been severely bitten, had not a passing stranger laid the dog low with a blow of his cudgel ¹

Tommy expressed his gratitude to the stranger, who then went his way ; and Tommy now found that the lamb was Harry's favourite and felt exceedingly glad, for he hoped thus to be easily forgiven his ill-usage of Harry. He took it home with him.

Tommy met his father and Mr. Barlow at some distance from his house. They

1. A short stout stick used as a weapon.

were surprised to see him in such a plight but Tommy, as soon as he saw them, ran up to Mr. Barlow and said, "O sir, here is the luckiest chance in the world. Poor Harry's favourite lamb would have been killed by a large dog, if I had not happened to come by and save its life." "But," asked Mr. Merton, "what is the reason that I see you so disfigured with dirt? Surely you must have been riding and your horse has thrown you, and so it is, for here is William with the horses in a foam."

William now appeared and began to make excuses for his own share in the business. "I did not think," he continued, "that there was any harm in going out with Master Tommy. We were riding as quietly as possible, when Punch suddenly broke into a gallop and, before I could catch him up, he jumped into a bog and shot Master Tommy in the middle of it." "No," said Tommy, "there you mistake: I believe I could manage a much more spirited horse than Punch. But I thought it better to throw myself off, for fear of plunging deeper into the mire." Mr. Merton could not understand how the pony could have

been so violent. William denied having supplied Tommy with spurs, but when Mr. Merton looked at Tommy he saw the device of his son to supply the place of spurs and could hardly keep himself from smiling. Advising Tommy to be more prudent for the future, they returned to the house.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW TOMMY CONFESSED HIS FAULTS TO MR. BARLOW AND WAS ANXIOUS TO WIN HARRY'S FORGIVENESS

TOMMY took an opportunity of approaching Mr. Barlow, and looked at him as though he had something to tell him but was unable to do so. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned to him kindly and asked him what he wanted. "I am hardly able to tell you," said Tommy; "but I have been a very bad and ungrateful boy, and I am afraid you have no longer the same affection for me." "Let me know what it is," said Mr. Barlow; "and if it be in my power to help you, I shall most gladly do so." "O sir," said Tommy, "your kindness hurts me more than your anger would, for I know

I have not deserved so much kindness." But if you know you have erred," said Mr. Barlow, "you may resolve to behave well for the future and deserve others' friendship. Few people are so perfect as not to err sometimes."

Tommy then told him how he had forgotten everything he had learnt at Mr. Barlow's, and grown to despise the company of Harry and prefer that of the fine young gentlemen and ladies at his father's. "That was a pity," said Mr. Barlow, "for Harry loves you. But it does not matter, and I shall inform him that you have gained other friends and advise him to avoid your company for the future." "O, sir," cried Tommy, "how could you be so cruel? I love Harry better than any other boy in the world, and I shall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour and is as friendly as he used to be." "But then," said Mr. Barlow, "you may lose the acquaintance of all those fine young gentlemen and ladies." "I care very little about that, sir," said Tommy. "But I fear that I have behaved so ill that he will never be able to forgive me and love me as he did before."

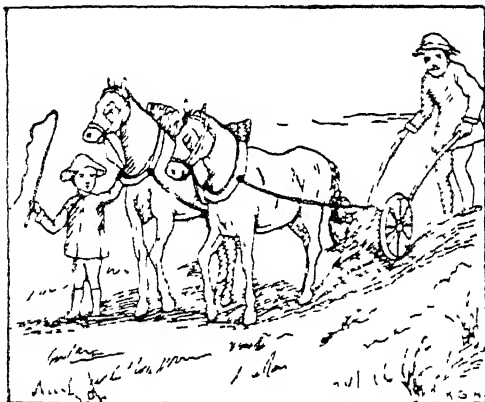
Then he told Mr. Barlow, without omitting anything, how he had struck Harry. Mr. Barlow said, "Harry is a generous-hearted boy and will forgive all easily." "O, sir," said Tommy, "I should then be the most happy fellow in the world. Will you be so kind as to bring him here to-day? You shall see how I will behave." "Softly, softly," said Mr. Barlow: "what is Harry to come here for? Have you not insulted and abused him, without reason, and struck him for offering you the best advice? Can you imagine that any one will come to you in return for such treatment?" "What then must I do, sir?" asked Tommy. "It is your business to go to him and tell him so," said Mr. Barlow. "What sir," cried Tommy, "go to a farmer's to expose myself before all his family?" "Just now," said Mr. Barlow, "you told me you were ready to do everything." "But," said Tommy, "what would everybody say if a young gentleman like me were to go and beg pardon of a farmer's son?" "They will say," said Mr. Barlow, "that you have more sense and gratitude than they expected. However, act as you please."

Mr. Barlow was then going away, and Tommy said, sobbing: "Pray, sir, do not go. I have used Harry Sandford in the most shabby manner; my father is angry with me; and if you desert me, I shall have no friend in the world." "That will be your own fault," said Mr. Barlow; "and therefore you will not deserve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preserve your friends by an honest confession of your faults?" "O, sir," said Tommy, "I will go directly and entreat Harry to forgive me. But will you not go with me? Do, pray, sir, be so good." "Gently, gently," said Mr. Barlow, "you are always for doing everything in an instant. Before you do this, I think it will be necessary to speak to your parents upon the subject; and in the meantime, I will pay a visit to Farmer Sandford and bring you an account of Harry." "Do, sir," said Tommy; "and tell Harry, if you please, that there is nothing I desire so much as to see him and that nothing shall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard too that there is a poor black who saved Harry from the bull: if I but could find him out, I would be good to him as long as I live."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW HARRY WAS PREPARED FOR TOMMY'S VISIT BY MR. BARLOW

M^{R.} Merton was very glad to receive an account of the conversation between Mr. Barlow and Tommy, and requested the former to go to Harry and prepare him to receive his son; and Mr. Barlow set out at once.



Harry was at the time guiding the horses in the field, his father holding the plough. As soon as he saw Mr. Barlow, he ran forward to greet him with great joy. After the first greetings were over, he asked with the greatest kindness after Tommy. "I am sorry, said Mr. Barlow,

"that Tommy and you are not on such good terms as you formerly were."

"Indeed, sir," replied Harry, "I am sorry for it myself; but all the same, I have the greatest desire to hear that he is well."

"That," said Mr. Barlow, "you might have known yourself, had you not left so suddenly without taking leave of even Mr. Merton, your friend, who has always treated you with so much kindness."

"Indeed, sir," said the boy, "I shall be unhappy if you think I have done wrong; but please tell me how I could have acted otherwise. I don't wish to accuse Master Tommy, but since you speak in this way I shall be obliged to tell the truth. You know, sir, that I went to Mr. Merton's with great unwillingness; for what sort of a figure could a poor boy like me make at a gentleman's table, among little masters and misses that curl and oil their hair, and dress as fancifully as figures in a puppet-show? If I attempted to speak I was always laughed at, or was sure to hear something about clowns and rustics." "Well, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "if you did not like their talk, you surely might have borne it with patience for a while. But why did you leave Mr.

Merton's family without even thanking Mr. Merton for his kindness? Was that right?" "Oh, my dear sir," replied Harry, "I have cried about it several times. But, as to Master Merton, he joined with all the other fine gentlemen in abusing me, because I tried to induce them not to go to a bull-baiting, and then he struck me. I did not strike him again, because I loved him in spite of his unkindness; nor did I leave him till he was safe in the hands of his servants. And how could I go back to his house after what he had done to me?" "But," said Mr. Barlow, "you have not mentioned anything about your saving Tommy's life from the fury of the bull." "As to that," replied Harry, "I hope I should have done the same for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have escaped, had it not been for the poor courageous black who came to our help." "But," said Mr. Barlow, "are you determined to forsake Tommy Merton for ever, because he has once behaved ill?" "I, sir?" said Harry; "no, I am sure. But I do not desire the acquaintance of any one that despises me. But surely, sir, it is not *I* that forsake him, but *he* that has cast me off."

"But," said Mr. Barlow, "if he is sorry for what he has done and desires to obtain your pardon?" "O sir," said Harry, "I should forget everything in an instant. I knew Tommy was always a little passionate, but he is generous and good-hearted; nor would he have treated me so ill had it not been for the other young gentlemen." "Well, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "your friend is conscious of his faults, and is impatient till he sees you and asks your forgiveness." "O sir," said Harry, "I should forgive him if he had beaten me a hundred times. If you will be good enough to wait a little, I shall follow you." "No, Harry," said Mr. Barlow, "there is no occasion for that. Tommy has used you ill and ought to acknowledge it. He will call on you, and tell you all he feels on the occasion. In the meantime I was desired by him and his father to enquire after the poor negro who served you so well." "He is at our house, sir," said Harry, "and is anxious to earn his food by doing any sort of work given him."

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN
THE TWO BOYS WAS BEGUN AND
COMPLETED IN A MOMENT, AND
HOW TOMMY DISCIPLINED HIMSELF

WHEN the company were talking, Tommy stole out of the room and reappeared presently in a very plain and simple dress. This caused astonishment to his parents, and his mother cried, "Why, Tommy, you look more like a ploughboy than a young gentleman." "Mamma," answered he gravely, "I am now what I always ought to have been. Had I been contented with this dress before, I should have avoided all my shameful behaviour to Harry at the bull-baiting. This seriousness amused his hearers, but they did not show it openly, and as it was late they retired to bed.

The next morning Tommy, accompanied by Mr. Barlow, went to Harry's house. The lamb was not forgotten. As they approached the house, Tommy saw his friend at some distance; and springing forward, came up to him in an instant. Harry received him with open arms, so that the reconciliation was begun and

completed in an instant ; and Mr. Barlow, who now came up with the lamb, had the pleasure of seeing his little pupils giving and receiving every token of affection.

“ Harry,” said Mr. Barlow, “ I bring you a friend who is truly sorry for his offences.” “ That I am, indeed,” replied Tommy ; “ but I behaved so ill that I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me.” “ Indeed,” said Harry, “ there you do me the greatest injustice ; for I have forgotten everything but your former kindness and affection.” “ And I,” answered Tommy, “ will never forget how ungratefully I have used you, nor your present goodness.” Tommy then presented the lamb to his friend, and Mr. Barlow told him the story of its rescue. Harry received great pleasure from it, and took Tommy into his house, where he was welcomed with warmth by Harry’s mother and his sisters.

Tommy saw, near the fire, the poor black, and advancing to him thanked him for his service. The negro replied modestly. Then he went up to Harry’s mother and sisters and addressed them with such sincerity and affection that all were delighted with him : so easy it is for

those who possess rank and fortune to gain the goodwill of their fellow-creatures.

Tommy now sat down to dinner and ate with a considerable appetite. Then he thought he might gratify his curiosity about fighting bulls, and the black satisfied him in this respect, adding, "I have been accustomed to several sorts of hunting much more dangerous than this; and considering how much you white people despise us blacks, I own I was very much surprised to see so many hundreds of you running away from such an insignificant enemy as a poor tame bull." Tommy blushed at his own prejudices against the blacks.

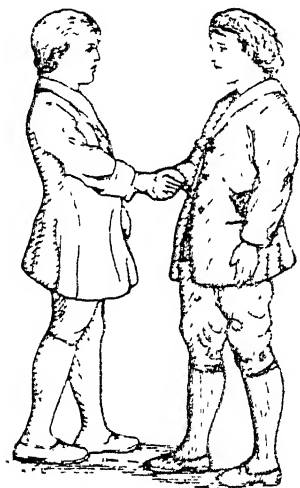
In the evening, Mr. Barlow invited him to return home. But he said he would stay with Harry for some time and live as one of the family, who admired the frankness of the young gentleman that was not ashamed to own his faults to his social inferiors. Mr. Barlow approved of his idea, and departed, saying that he would get the consent of Mr. Merton.

Tommy now fell in with the habits and routine of daily labour of a farmer's boy. He retired to bed early and slept soundly

at night, and the exercise improved his health and strength. Thus did he acquire knowledge of the "lower" classes and great sympathy with them. Mr. Barlow frequently visited him and encouraged him by his praises to persevere in his self-chosen discipline. He told him the story of the great Roman farmer, Cincinnatus, who led the Roman armies many times to victory and who, after the war was ended, returned to his farm. Nor could Tommy help noticing Harry's behaviour in comparison with his own: nothing could alter the uniform sweetness of Harry's temper or the unselfishness of his disposition. This made him love his friend a hundred times better than before. He spent a good deal of time with the negro, who told him of his country, his people and himself. This made him see the folly of false distinctions between man and man.

One day he was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who told him that he had come to take him home. Tommy was glad, but requested his father to wait a little till he took leave of all the family. Just then Farmer Sandford came in and Mr. Merton made

his acknowledgments¹ to him and the rest. "I shall not be long without you," said Tommy to Harry: "to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast of. You have taught me how much



better it is to be useful than rich or fine—how much better to be good than to be great." Saying this, he shook his friend affectionately by the hand, and, with watery eyes, accompanied his father home.

i.e. expressed his thanks for their goodness to Tommy.